Alyssa

**A CHRONICLE OF POLICY DEBATE**

Neha Malik lay immobile; the sweep of hair grazed above her eye taunting the fingers which suddenly were too heavy to brush it aside. Her eyes began to glaze over with a lucid look as the stars illuminated the shadows of the classroom, making the darkened desk dance in its flicker. The stars grew in closer, engulfing the room, flickering ever so timely until she flickered back to memory.

A fourteen gallon plastic Paper-Mate tub provided a sturdy catch-all for papers, dead trees, and the works. Arguments to refute any intelligent inquiry were stacked thumb to thumb on the parchments and were only accessible if you knew the intricate system developed. Neha had studied the organization with futile hope; Anshu Jegadeesh had perfected her understanding only through the intense memorization drills her Sunday school teacher enforced, surely Neha would never learn. Reduced to nothing as miniscule yet equally as bothersome as a fly in a glass of milk; Neha had reverted to the role of heaving the tub to the looks of what promised to be a classroom. *219*. The last glimpse of the outside was branded into the minds of all when they step foot into the black hole.

Within minutes, Rajesh Sathian read a speech which was known to be 5minutes long, yet all the bystanders swear was 7. Anshu proceeded with drilling Rajesh with questions of authenticity and reasonability, just as Neha felt a buzz run up her leg. Shaking away the concept, Neha tried to see if vibrations would soothe the uproar. As the feeling finally subsided, it came time for Neha to negate the team and provide a speech of her own. A steady humdrum was a subtle touch, but as Neha Malik continued, the buzz elongated up her thigh. Slowly but surely, the buzz grew and controlled her body and mind; words floated out of her mouth without meaning, and with no more common sense than butterflies in Lincoln park.

A round of applause signified her conclusion as Neha once again swayed in position as her eyes turned lucid. Colin Powers, the judge of the round and a close personal friend of Rajesh’s, had taken 3minutes to ponder the decision; after which, he undoubtedly voted Rajesh up and dropped Anshu and Neha. The crowd evacuated the area and disappeared as they went their separate ways into the known world. Neha collapsed in pain—her heart had constricted. She had gone out of her mind from the loss, devastating those connected to her, and the “buzz” had migrated leaving Neha defenseless.

In that lonely room of darkness, Neha lay alone. The shadows accompanied her only for brief intervals before the stars had intervened to dance their own tango. Alone in the shadows, Neha flickered back into memory.

My Final Comments!